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Cost Less—Do More

NO matter what other transportation you are now using, Republic Trucks will do your work better, and *at less expense*. More than 10,000 Republics in service all over the world are demonstrating this. Built in the largest factory in the world exclusively devoted to truck manufacture. Backed by 15 years of truck building experience.

FIVE REPUBLIC SIZES Republic Dispatch Model 9, maximum capacity 1500 lbs., furnished complete, express body with canopy top, side curtains, glass front, electric lights with generator and storage battery and electric horn, \$750; or with solid panel body, \$775; Model 10, 1-ton, with stake or express body and bow top, \$1095; Model 11, 1½-ton chassis, \$1375; Model "A," 2-ton chassis, \$1785; Model "T," 3½-ton Dreadnaught, \$2675.

Dealers and Service Stations in over 600 Principal Cities. Write Dept. T for catalog of model in which you are interested.

REPUBLIC MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
Incorporated ALMA, MICHIGAN



INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE



*"My dear Adam, I am glad to see
you are obeying that impulse at last."*

Extra! Extra! All the latest news about Adam and Eve in the next number of *LIFE*, out Tuesday everywhere, price ten cents. If you have ever been in love, if you have ever been tempted, if you have ever been jilted and thrown down and tortured and basely crushed by a woman, do not read the next number of *LIFE*. It contains some startling revelations about the Garden of Eden, and should only be read by meek souls.



Garden of Eden Number *LIFE* Next Week

We Yield—As Usual

The omission of the commercial coupon in the right-hand corner of this page from our issue of last week awakened a storm of protest from the business office. They told us plainly that we didn't know how to advertise this paper. We admitted it. They told us that the object of this page was to get new subscribers. We denied it. Then they declared that a lot of real people subscribed every week, in spite of everything we could do to stop them, and that they relied on the published rates in the coupon. Then we had to yield.

**Special
Offer**

Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign
\$1.26). Send *LIFE*
for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no sub-
scriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 74

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

The Center of the City

DRAW a line through the best theaters in Cleveland, and it will make an irregular circle, with the Hollenden Hotel at the center. Consider the shopping, financial and business districts, and you will again find the Hollenden most advantageously situated.

Eight hundred rooms; service and cuisine unexcelled; Club Breakfasts, Luncheons and Dinners; good music and many individual characteristics.

European plan, with bath:
For one person, \$2 to \$5.
For two persons, \$3 to \$6.
With twin beds, \$4 to \$6.
Suites at various prices.

The Hollenden
Cleveland

To the Littlest of All

LITTLE songs are prettiest,
Little tales are wittiest;
The little, little, little cloud
Is whitest in the west;
Little brooks are tune-fullest,
Little lakes are moon-fullest;
The little, little, little trail
Can climb the mountain best.

Little rooms are cosiest,
Little hands are rosiest;
The little, little, little home
Is Heaven's dearer part.
Little wives can charm a man,
Little smiles disarm a man;
A little, little, little maid
Can nestle in his heart.

Arthur Guiterman.



"OH, MOTHER, BABY SWALLOWED THE LATCH-KEY! BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT—I TIED A STRING TO IT FIRST."

No Use

THERE is no use trying to abate poverty. We have tried and tried and tried. And our professors have thought and thought and thought. And our practical men have neglected profits so that they might turn their attention to the problem. And our society women have foregone bridge and tangoing in order that they might help. And our middle-class masses have stayed home from Coney Island in order to lucubrate upon the matter. But, in spite of all this unremitting sacrifice, poverty refuses to be dislodged. This is, of course, very impolite and inconsiderate of poverty, but the fact is there, and we cannot be expected to go on forever wasting our energies on such stubbornness.

THE only cats that do not have nine lives are those that worry about what is going to happen in the other eight.



FIGHTING TRIM

WHETHER your battle is fought in the trenches, behind an office desk or in the home you need to keep fit.

It's comparatively easy for the soldier to keep up to scratch. The civilian—man or woman—has a harder task. Sedentary habits, insufficient exercise, too much food and too much hurry about eating it, combine to cause a more or less chronic condition of constipation.

Don't think you can dispose of constipation with a cathartic pill. Laxatives and cathartics cause more constipation than they cure and their persistent use is likely seriously to undermine your health.

NUJOL relieves constipation effectively and has none of the objections which are common to all drug remedies. It acts as an internal lubricant, preventing the bowel contents from becoming hard and facilitating the normal processes of evacuation.

NUJOL, put up in pint bottles only, is sold at all drug stores. Refuse substitutes—look for the name NUJOL on bottle and package.

Dept. 15

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)
Bayonne New Jersey

Send for booklet "THE RATIONAL TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION." Write your name and address plainly below.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

Victor

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

To insure Victor quality, always look for the famous trademark, "His Master's Voice." It is on every Victrola and every Victor Record. It is the identifying label on all genuine Victorolas and Victor Records.

The greatest artists of all the world make records for the Victor exclusively

Besides bringing to you the magnificent interpretations of the world's greatest operatic artists, Victor Records also present to you the brilliant renditions of the most famous artists of the concert stage.

Wherever these great artists appear, in opera or on concert tour, they are greeted by hosts of delighted music-lovers.

But great and enthusiastic as these audiences are, they are far outnumbered by their vast Victor audiences who hear and applaud their superb art on the Victrola.

And because their Victor Records are absolutely true to life, you enjoy in your own home all the exquisite beauty of interpretation which has established Victor supremacy on a basis of great things actually accomplished.

There are Victor dealers everywhere, and they will gladly show you all the various styles of Victorolas and play any music you wish to hear. Ask for a copy of the Victor Record Catalog—the most complete catalog of music in all the world.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Important warning. Victor Records can be safely and satisfactorily played only with *Victor Needles* or *Tungs-tone Stylus* on Victors or Victorolas. Victor Records cannot be safely played on machines with jeweled or other reproducing points.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Victor Records

McCormack

Gluck

Raito

Melba

Schumann-Heink

Caruso

Kreisler

Sembrich

Martinelli

Hempel

de Gogorza

Galli-Curci

Homer

Scotti

Zimbalist

Elman

Garrison

Powell


Paderewski

Derry

Culp

LIFE

FENKLE



If Men Did Things as Women Do

THE TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

(Hubert, clad in a messaline peignoir trimmed with eiderdown, is at a loss for means whereby to kill time. His eye falls on the telephone. Powdering his nose joyfully, he seizes the telephone and curls up comfortably on a davenport.)

HUBERT: Two three two three two three Brisket.
(Elmer, seated in his rose-tinted boudoir, is running pink baby ribbon around the edges of his athletic underwear with a silver underwear-threader. The telephone bell rings. Hastening to his dressing-table, he straightens his necktie and makes a pass at his hair with his military brushes, after which he picks up the telephone.)

ELMER: Hello?

HUBERT: Hello, old dear!

ELMER: Oh, hello, Hubert. I haven't heard from you for ages!

HUBERT: I know; but I haven't had a moment since I called you up night before last. I spent all day yesterday picking out a derby; and in the evening Mary Jones came to call and stayed until half past one.

ELMER: My dear! How perfectly thrilling! Where did you get your hat?

HUBERT: At Hightop's. It's the darlinest thing, Elmer! The crown is just a little higher than most I have seen, and the brim curls up in the sweetest way! And only thirty-nine dollars, my dear! Really, I was simply stunned when they told me the price!

ELMER: You lucky thing! It must be absolutely ravishing on you! How was Mary Jones looking?

HUBERT: My dear, I'm through with Mary Jones! She brought me a box of four-cent cigars, and thought it entitled her to bore me to death for hours, telling me about her former love affairs.

ELMER: What frightful nerve! She's really quite common! Somebody told me that she used to put musk on her handkerchief!

(Seven minutes are utilized in tearing Mary Jones's reputation to shreds.)

HUBERT: Oh, my dear! The most exciting thing! You could never guess!

ELMER: I am dying to hear!

HUBERT: Well, Chauncey Waxwing called up this morning and said that Percival Crowbill had seen Fred Owleye come home at quarter of twelve last night simply ossified!

ELMER: How perfectly awful!

HUBERT: Isn't that positively atrocious? Never shall I allow that man to set foot in my house again!

(Twelve minutes are devoted to grilling Fred Owleye.)

ELMER: By the way, dear, Rupert Railbird has a new pair of cerise satin trousers with Georgette crepe over-drape. They look simply hideous on him, but he swaggers around in them as though they were straight from Callot's. He is perfectly in love with himself.

HUBERT: Isn't he the most impossible thing! I shall never forget the Cluny lace golf-cap with the Airedale aigrette in it that he wore to the horse show. My dear, the horses positively went into hysterics!

(Eight minutes are given over to deriding Rupert Railbird's abominable taste.)

HUBERT: Really, dear, I must stop now. You know I am dieting. I must drink six glasses of water, eat a head of lettuce and roll a potato around the kitchen floor ten times. You won't know me when you see me. My vest absolutely hangs on me. I've lost a quarter of a pound in the last three weeks!

ELMER: How wonderful! You must tell me all about it. I have gained two pounds since last summer, and I'm frightened to death for fear that I shall have to have my trousers let out.

HUBERT: Oh, my dear! You can stand a lot more! Good-bye, dear. Ring me up to-morrow. Maybe I'll see you at Basil Beanstalk's bridge to-morrow afternoon.

ELMER: Good-bye, dear. By the way, dear, what shall you wear to Conrad Custard's tea-dance?

HUBERT: I think I shall wear my mauve frock-coat with



PREPARED

the purple revers and the magenta trousers. What are you going to wear, dear?

ELMER: Well, I don't know. I was thinking of wearing my green crepe de chine with the yellow fishtails.

(Fourteen minutes are devoted to a passionate discussion of dress.)

HUBERT (reluctantly): Well, good-bye, dear.

ELMER (equally reluctantly): Good-bye, dear. Run over soon and let's have a real talk.

ELECTRICAL CURTAIN

Kenneth L. Roberts.

FATHER: Well, Julia, if I allow young Smithers to become my son-in-law, do you suppose he will be willing to work and support you?

JULIA: Oh, papa, how can he when he has promised to do nothing but think of me all the time?

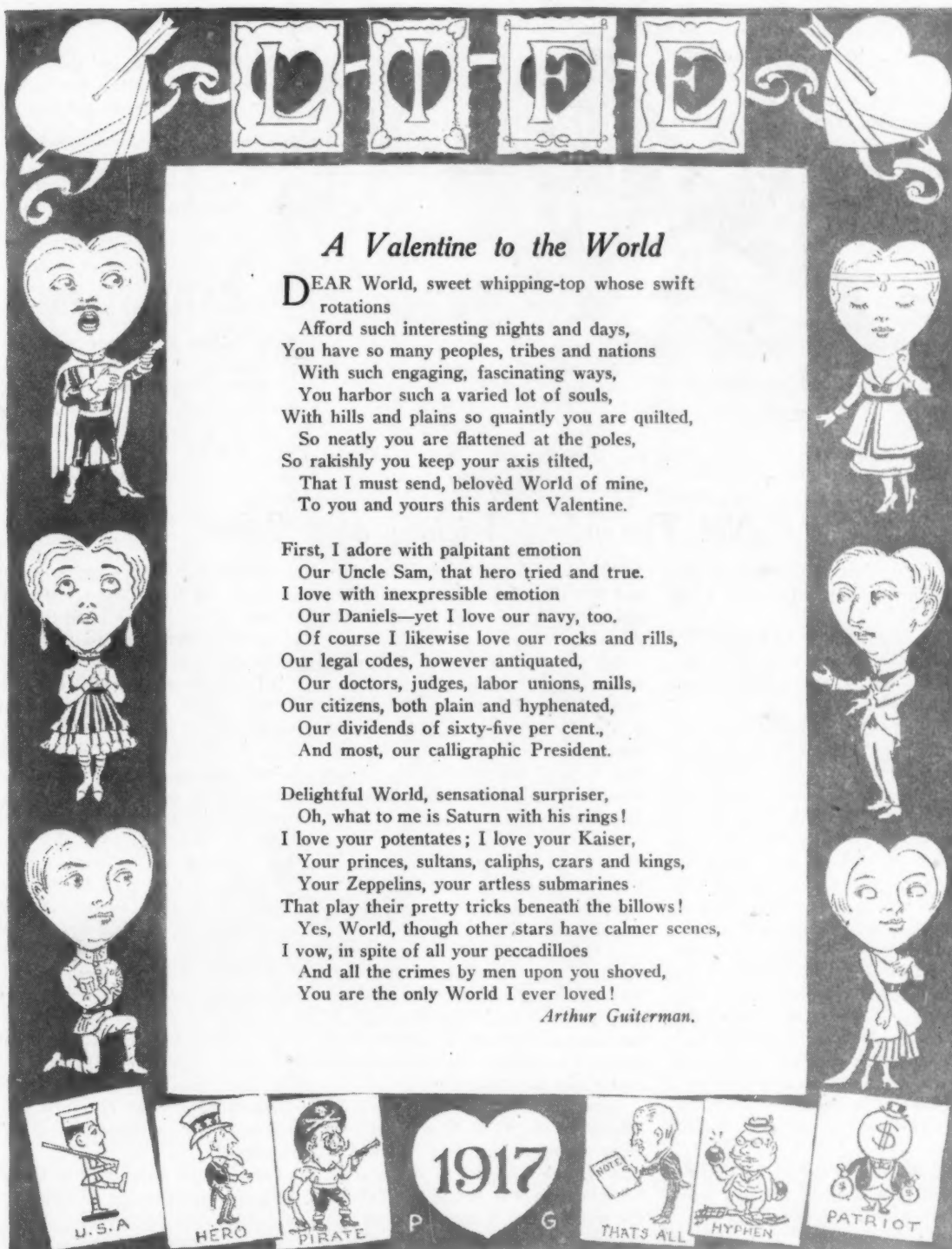
Victory

A FAMOUS food expert, waging relentless war against the high cost of living, captures some few yards of trench with these winged words:

"Eat slowly, and you won't eat so much!"

Beyond a doubt, if we eat slowly we shall live longer, and by that increase the sum total of expenditures; but, on the other hand, the longer we live the more likely are we to fall upon happier times. The war will cease some day; some day the farmers of the Middle West, surfeited with prosperity, will vote the straight ticket and let the price of wheat go hang; and a few minutes more at the table may be just enough to carry us over into the golden

THE only time two women are in perfect accord is when they hate the same people.



A Valentine to the World

DEAR World, sweet whipping-top whose swift rotations

Afford such interesting nights and days,
You have so many peoples, tribes and nations
With such engaging, fascinating ways,
You harbor such a varied lot of souls,
With hills and plains so quaintly you are quilted,
So neatly you are flattened at the poles,
So rakishly you keep your axis tilted,
That I must send, beloved World of mine,
To you and yours this ardent Valentine.

First, I adore with palpitant emotion
Our Uncle Sam, that hero tried and true.
I love with inexpressible emotion
Our Daniels—yet I love our navy, too.
Of course I likewise love our rocks and rills,
Our legal codes, however antiquated,
Our doctors, judges, labor unions, mills,
Our citizens, both plain and hyphenated,
Our dividends of sixty-five per cent.,
And most, our calligraphic President.

Delightful World, sensational surpriser,
Oh, what to me is Saturn with his rings!
I love your potentates; I love your Kaiser,
Your princes, sultans, caliphs, czars and kings,
Your Zeppelins, your artless submarines
That play their pretty tricks beneath the billows!
Yes, World, though other stars have calmer scenes,
I vow, in spite of all your peccadilloes
And all the crimes by men upon you shoved,
You are the only World I ever loved!

Arthur Guiterman.



SECURITY FOR THE FUTURE

In the Cabaret

I WATCHED with weary gaze and sad

The tinted women, and the men
Too bored with wisdom best not had
For simple happiness, and then

A merry, little, lightsome thing,
Whose fleet, enchanting, dainty grace
Danced all the magic of the spring
Into that close, musk-scented place,

Glanced with a smile, as fairy-wise
As any dryad's loved of Pan,
Into their jaded, world-worn eyes,
As lightly from the room she ran.

And, swifter than some wild bird's
flight,

I saw on those tired faces gleam,
For one strange instant's span, the light
Of some long-vanished childhood
dream.

Charlotte Becker.

Not Too Much Victory at a Time

OUR President recommends to the belligerents a peace without a victory.

There is something to be said for that idea, though at present it is much more popular in Berlin and Vienna than in London.

Judging by the lessons of history, if the Allies are actuated by benevolence to Germany they will keep on fighting, if possible, until they have whipped her to a standstill. With the nonsense entirely knocked out of her, Germany can then get to work and retrain her beams with quite a bit of neutral sympathy to help her. But leave her partly unpulverized and she will have to concoct and administer her own medicine before she is wholly cured, and will have to make her way slowly back into the good graces of a world that will be more deeply impressed with her crimes than with her punishment.

Germany beat France in 1870 to a standstill and reformed her whole system and made of her a formidable enemy.

She let Austria off easily in 1866, and has been able, the last two years, to use her as an ally and use her up.

In this country the North whipped the South to a standstill and complete-

ly reformed it. It freed the negroes and left them largely unprovided for and untaught, a problem that has held the white population of the South together in one party from then until now. After Lincoln's death it "reconstructed" the southern states in such a drastic fashion that the white Southerners had to concentrate on politics to save their civilization. That developed a southern middle class and kept the South unchangeably Democratic. It is the reason why a native of Virginia is President to-day, and why the chairmen of nearly all the Congressional committees are Southerners; why a Texan is master of the Post Office, a North Carolina man of the navy, a Georgian of the Treasury; why another Texan is Attorney-General, another North Carolina man is Secretary of Agriculture, another Ambassador to London; why, in short, the South runs the country.

These incidents are not so much the effects of the Civil War as of the bitter reconstruction that followed it after Lincoln's healing hand was gone. Lincoln truly was strong for fighting the war through because he could not save the Union otherwise. But almost to the end he was favorable to almost

any terms that included union without slavery. He would have bought the slaves even so late as when the issue of the war was no longer doubtful. He never was for war to punish the South.

It is very interesting that the leader and spokesman of a party that is the beneficiary of drastic reconstruction after a war fought to a finish should be the man to say to Europe that a peace without a victory is to be preferred. It is as though he said to the Allies: "Do not do more than your duty to Germany. Abate her power for evil, but do not by too fierce an abasement so weld together and reform her elements that she will beat you in the long run. It was drubbing that made her so unconscionably strong. Fear and discipline and suffering were strength to her until that very strength became her weakness. Be content with the enormous work you have done for her and all the world already. Don't overdo it, for if you do it will be, inevitably, at your own cost."

Pursuing the same train of thought there is something the President can say to his own party in these States: "You have run the country now for four years," he can tell them; "have



"DO YOU BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION?"

"WELL, WHEN I LEFT HERE, TWENTY YEARS AGO, YOU GIRLS WERE GETTING ALONG TOWARD THIRTY, AND NOW I FIND YOU ABOUT EIGHTEEN."

had all the offices that were powerful and all the glory. Don't overdo it. One section of this country cannot long hope to run it all. Texas is a great state, North Carolina is a considerable state, Virginia is on the map, but there are others at least as important. Do not suppose that you can long exclude even the East from the government. Be moderate. Get the North back a little into office. Do not tease New York and Boston about their postal service. Get rid of the notion that it is a proper use of your power to contrive taxation so that it will fall upon the North, and direct expenditure so that the South will get it. Of course your services to the North have been enormous. You have been a blessed discipline to the Republican party when it needed it the worst way. You have demonstrated that Southerners could run the country four whole years without bringing business to a standstill. To be sure, they have been exceptional years, but that won't show in the record. Be wise now in time. So far you have had great luck. The next four years are sure to be difficult, and may be disastrous. If the bottom falls out, provide that a fair representation from north of Mason and Dixon's line shall drop with it. I'll set you the example. It is hard enough, Heaven knows, to find reputable northern men of ability who approve of my ideas and will work with us, but we have got to find them and work them in, or out we all shall go ourselves, and stay out, probably, a long time."

E. S. M.

Method

THE collector bounced into the office and tore off his coat.

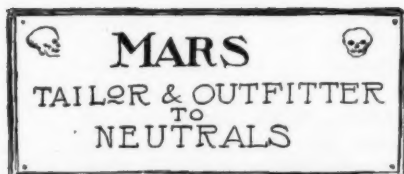
He thumped the desk with his fist.

He stamped on the floor.

He poured out a torrent of profanity and vulgarity.

A moment later he left the place with not only the amount of his bill, but something besides.

"I observed that popular evangelists know how to get money out of people, and I studied their methods!" he explained to the astonished bystanders as he passed out.



Prosperous Pacifist: AND BY THE WAY, MARS, MAKE THIS SUIT ROOMY.
IF THE WAR IN EUROPE KEEPS UP I'LL GROW STOUTER THAN EVER

Things We Skip in the Newspapers

STATISTICS on the European war.
Articles on the Mexican situation.
Press-agents' gush about coming stars.
Letters from "Vox Populi" and "Veritas."
"Poems worth reprinting."
Society news from near-by towns.
The "How to be beautiful" column.
The notes that pass between nations.
The lists of guests at fashionable weddings.
The speeches of T. R. and W. J. B.

They Haven't Come Back

AUNTIE'S silk umbrella,
Sister's magazine,
Brother's horn and tire-pump,
Chains and gasoline,
Uncle's set of Kipling,
Father's fifty bones,
Mother's Sunday tablecloth
And culinary loans—
Things the neighbors borrowed
With the best intent,
In this solemn season
All are keeping lent!

Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Dumb Influences

THE search for a dog.
The plausible kennel owner.
The comprehensive pedigree.
The ungainly puppy.
The muddy paws on the trouser legs.
The parting with a fifty-dollar bill.
The return to the apartment-house.
The horror of the other tenants.
The frantic barks.
The chewed trousers.
The masticated boots.
The claw-marks on the furniture.
The early morning walk.
The late morning airing.
The early afternoon stroll.
The evening run.
The hot nose.
The attack of shivers.
The fear of consequences.
The summoning of the family doctor.
The joyous recovery.
The evening at the theatre.
The dog locked in the guest-room.
The passionate howls.
The eager return.
The affectionate leaping.
The torn rugs.
The tattered bed-spread.
The wrecked curtains.
The clawed wall-paper.
The whipping.
The neighbors' complaints.
The landlord's remonstrances.
The disgust and loathing.
The momentous decision.
The house in the country.
The departure from the city.
The triumph of the dog.

K. L. R.



WHEN JUSTICE REIGNS

THIS WAS THE SECOND TIME GRANDPA CARELESSLY STEPPED ON AND RUINED A TIN SOLDIER.

Advertisements You Have Never Seen



You'll Soon Know Enough To Come
In Out Of The Rain If You Carry A-
LOVER'S VOW
UMBRELLA-
They're Made To Be Broken."

An Important Matter

YET another physician says:


Fact is, if only needed operations were performed, surgeons would starve, or have to seek other fields of work.

Considering the danger and expense of operations would it not be wise to pension all surgeons, young and old? They are good men and honest. But some of the rest of us are good men and honest. Why not give us all a chance?

Mending Leaks

THERE are, in all likelihood, only two possible ways in which leaks from Washington to Wall Street of government secrets can be prevented. Both methods are exceedingly simple. The first is: Abolish Wall Street. The second is: Abolish secrecy. Now, numerous arguments can be advanced in behalf of the first proposition. If we abolish Wall Street we should simultaneously and beneficently abolish Thomas W. Lawson, stock brokers, a few thousand pikers, champagne as a tippable for the latter, two or three

ONCE
WILL BE SUFFICIENT
WITH



THE
JUGGERNAUT
POWER-WASHER.
"Short Shrift for Shirts."

suicides a year, professional tipsters, bucket shops and a goodly slice of the quadrennial campaign funds. But despite these advantages, it is unlikely that Wall Street will be abolished, at least for the present. It might then be advisable to abolish secrecy at Washington. It is certainly the case that we need the open door in Washington public offices at least as much as in China. Especially in diplomacy is secrecy highly undesirable. Europe practiced secret diplomacy, including secret treaties and secret notes—and see Europe. It might be an encouragement to true statesmanship if a rule were made that a copy of all letters on official stationery and on official business be filed for public inspection within twenty-four hours of their transmission. Our statesmen, eminent and otherwise, might even be glad of an opportunity to dictate their letters in

Keep Her
At Home



With **JUMBO STOCKINGS**
(Oversize)
-They Sag And Flap-----And The
Dyes Are Fleeting.
SHE SIMPLY CAN'T WEAR THEM OUT~

public hearing, by this additional device reducing secrecy probably to a minimum. Wall Street, in such a state of affairs, could then suffer fluctuations of the market only on rumors that the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission had suddenly dyed his whiskers, or that J. Horace Vanderver, the well-known banker, was now a happy grandfather.

Was It More Than a Show?

THE first thing after reading President Wilson's address to the nations is to admit that as an address it is a good job and very interesting reading.

The next thing is to try to determine whether Mr. Wilson has accomplished anything more than an address. To do that as well as he does it—to write a discourse as well as he sometimes writes it—is in itself so considerable an exploit that we are apt to forget that it is not enough. For an orator to speak well, for a writer to write well, for a preacher to preach well, is sufficient, but you don't measure a doctor nor a soldier by his literary gifts, nor a President.

Was it something more than entertainment that, on January 22nd, Mr. Wilson gave the world?

The Decline and Fall of the American Husband

THE American husband, up to within a comparatively recent period, has performed a useful function. While not being necessarily a part of the family life, he has entered into its activities as much as his official duties of earning a living have permitted. He has risen in the morning with the lark and, arriving home before dark, has been useful as an escort, or, in the later hours of the evening, as a fortification against burglars. On holidays he has been employed to do odd jobs about the house, to crank cars (before the days of self-starters), and to fill in at dinner-parties, weddings and other functions where his presence was regarded as desirable. He has, as a rule, been patient in adversity, docile at all times, comparatively easy to manage, and long-suffering.

* * *

The American husband is a peculiar and special product of the American soil. So far as is known to historians and biologists, no creature like him has ever been evolved by any known cosmic process. There have always, it is presumed, been husbands, but none like the American husband. His renown has spread to the ends of the earth. His patience under insurmountable difficulties, his meekness and magnanimity, his tolerance and generosity, have made him the unique pattern for mankind to follow for ages to come.

But, as so often happens in cases of the purest virtue, the hitherto modesty of the American husband threatens to be his undoing. He is being swallowed up in the great chaos of events. Pursuing his own way without hope of reward, he is, it must be confessed, rapidly being forgotten. The probability is that if he should suddenly drop out of life altogether nobody would miss him, no one would ask where he had gone. So unassuming has his rôle become that he no longer appears necessary.

* * *

He is no longer seen in shopping districts: society ignores him: art and literature, lifting their skirts superciliously, sniff and pass him by. About



LIBERTY

AS OUR SMART SET SEES IT

all he is good for is to earn a living.

Slowly but surely the American husband is losing his identity. He is becoming merged. Already he has no conscious existence of his own. The wife, on the other hand, has long since triumphantly emerged from her chrysalis state, and has formed herself into various offensive and defensive bodies. There are housewives' clubs; there are mothers' clubs: there are all the varieties of wives' clubs. But the weak and defenceless husband has no union: he is unorganized: nobody advertises him: nobody cares for him: nobody thinks him worthy of being uplifted.

Yet there is no American husband living, no matter how low in the scale he appears to be, no matter how utterly devoid of intelligence, who is not worth saving. Kindergarten classes for educating American husbands, instilling into their minds some notions

at least of a higher life, ought to be started at once. These need not necessarily be an expensive burden, as the cost of running them could by proper management come out of the husbands themselves. Every husband surely ought to pay for his mental and moral upkeep.

It should be understood, of course, that this work is one of pure charity. No personal reward can come of it, except the sublime consciousness of having shed a few rays of light into an otherwise cheerless life. For it is not probable, at least in this generation, that the American husband could be so developed as to understand even the simplest of our intellectual movements. To get even the smallest enjoyment out of cubism, futurism, vers libre or psycho-analysis would probably take any husband about as long as it does to produce a gentleman. But most of us, after all, are living for posterity. We care not for the present. And so, if by giving up a little time now, we can, say by the year 1975, produce a species of American husband who will stand without hitching at the opera, who can listen for a couple of hours to a Hindoo philosopher discourse on the syllable "om," and who can learn to applaud in the right places an author reading from his own works, surely we shall not have lived in vain.

* * *

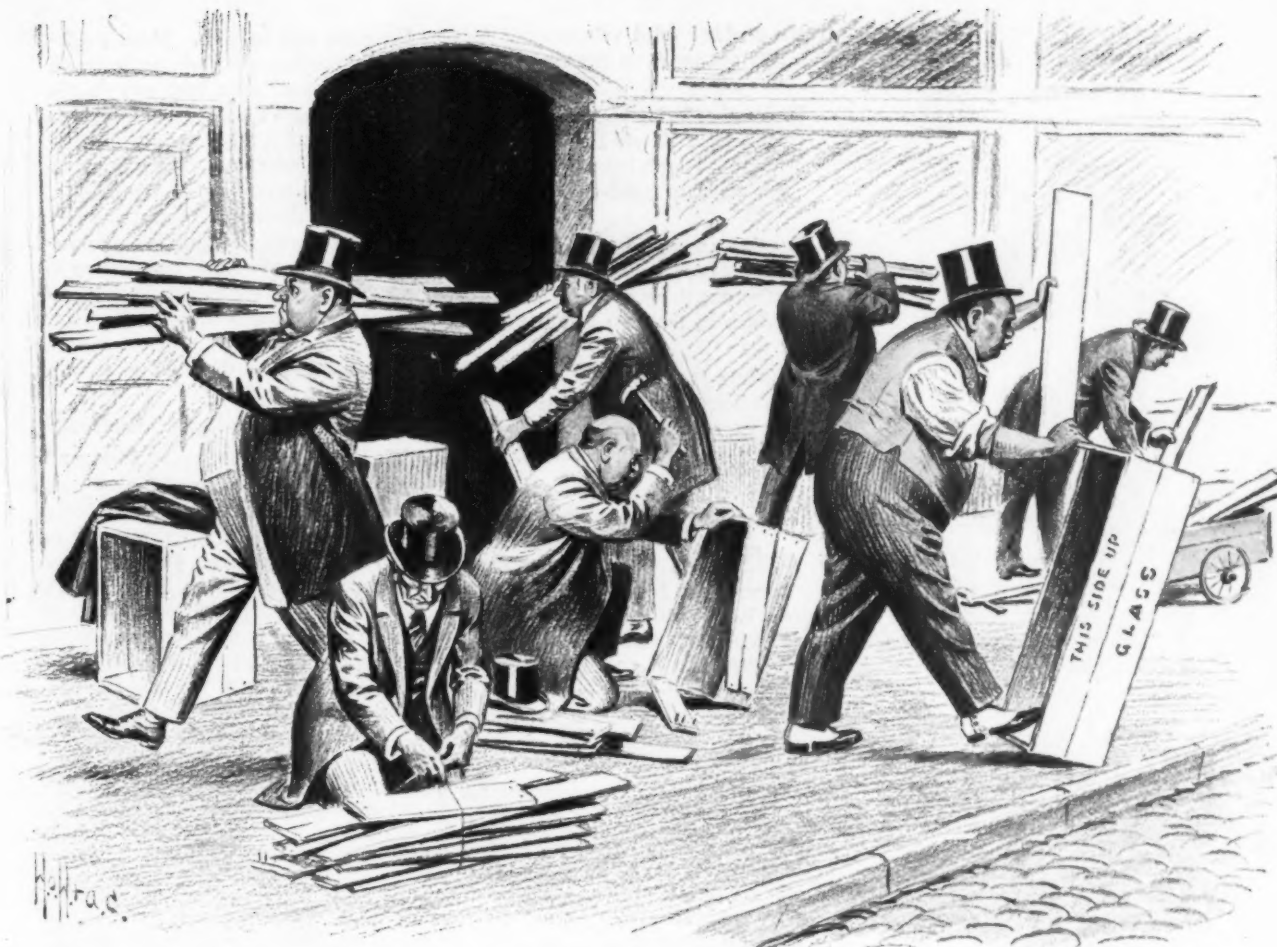
It is quite evident that the American husband can do nothing on his own account. He has lost the power of advertising himself. Years of dark brooding with his own thoughts, and constant associations with daily newspapers and comic operas, have unsettled his protoplasmic mind and retarded him for perhaps centuries to come. His very helplessness, however, should make its appeal to all of us.

We are a charitable, magnanimous and highly altruistic people. Let us save this gentle, harmless and long-suffering creature from the horrible fate that awaits him—that of never again being mentioned.

T. L. M.

JONES: How is the ice crop looking?

ICEMAN: Satisfactorily inadequate!



ANOTHER OBJECT LESSON
LET THOSE WHO BOOST THE PRICE OF COAL GATHER THEIR OWN FUEL

Dewey, the American

GEORGE DEWEY was always a patriotic American citizen. In this he differed from many Americans. About one-half of our citizens are only loyal to the government when it is administered by the political party to which they belong. When that particular party is not in power they condemn the President and the government officials unsparingly, criticise the orders for the army and navy, delight in making cheap jokes on Cabinet officials, make startling statements of incompetence based on no knowledge of circumstances—in fact, they are disloyal to the country, and the administration of its government by those lawfully selected by the mass of its citizens. Admiral Dewey was not made that way. He believed in his country and respected those charged with the administration of its laws. He did his duty and backed his government at all times and was loyal to those in authority.

G. P. I.

Have You Too Much Money?

A PENETRATING and highly unintelligible article on finance in *Harper's Magazine* concludes with the statement that funds "have been accumulating to such an extent that money has for some time been practically a drug on the market."

All those who have suffered from too much of this well-known drug will please signify by the customary sign.

A Referendum

THE people of the District of Columbia are to vote on the subject of prohibition. Evidently Congress does not believe in privation without representation.

FIRST STEEL MAGNATE: I see our shells passed the government test.

SECOND STEEL MAGNATE: Good heavens! Those shells were intended for a foreign government.



Vale Diabole

At a recent church conference it was decided to drop the devil from the ritual.

WELL! Well! so you've been fired,
You've lost your job at last.
It's high time you retired,
Old Boy, you're failing fast.

You're getting old, you know it;
You are not in the race.
Admit you cannot go it,
The killing, modern pace.

Your methods are too dull for
The modern school of Hate,
Your lake of burning sulphur
Is sadly out of date.

The Hohenzollern's Kultur
Mocks at your fiery pits,



His double-headed vulture
Has put yours on the fritz.

Beside the fierce, blaspheming,
Mail-fisted Kaiser Bill,
You are a seraph beaming,
An angel of good-will.

But tho' we can't deny, sir,
You're hopelessly outclassed,
You've one thing on the Kaiser,
Which is, tho' first and last

A failure as a devil,
Yet boast of this you can:
You were always on the level—
And—you are a gentleman!

O. H.

Mr. Wilson's Real Job

THE world at large is more fortunate in the possession of Woodrow Wilson than is the United States of America. Mr. Wilson is a universalist rather than a patriot. His recent speech to the Senate proves that fact. It was a beautiful human document; but it will hardly serve as a political panacea for our domestic ills. It will not stretch an army of thirty thousand regulars into a necessary one million, for instance, nor lay indispensable keels for the navy, nor protect our manufacturers against foreign invasion, nor settle the dispute between capital and labor.

Mr. Wilson has not yet attained his real place in public affairs. He ought to be Executive Emeritus of Humanity, or Special Counsel to the Universe, or Lord High Physician to a Sick World. Anything short of that would—nay, does!—waste his abilities, dissipate his talents.

Perhaps in suggesting a world empire Mr. Wilson was looking forward to his real job. Perhaps he was planning for the one position to which his genius entitles him. Happy day for mankind when Woodrow Wilson is named President of the United States of the World!

D. B.

Investigations

ALL ye who wish to spend your lives bustling around, but accomplishing nothing, look upon the way of

Congress and be wise. More particularly, ponder well their aptitude for investigations. The best way in the world to avoid coming to a decision is to investigate. To investigate properly requires time, and in a country as large as this, and as fickle as this, people are thinking of something else long before the investigation is complete and therefore it is unnecessary to do anything at all except to start another investigation into some other matter.

Investigation is the thief of time.

A Bigger and Better Outlook

THE Outlook has spread itself, and is now two inches wider and two inches taller than it was, and looks more like a weekly paper, and not so much like a magazine. It opens better than it did, because its binding wires come through the back like LIFE's, and no longer bite into its margins. Binding wires that clamp pages together are a perfect device to scare off readers. They should not be tolerated.

In its new form the Outlook has more room for pictures, and may intend to bid for the place left vacant in the periodical world by the recent interment of *Harper's Weekly*. Perhaps, presently, it will have a picture on its cover, and go in for cartoons and such adventures.

Good luck, Outlook! Be great as well as good, and don't tie up too close to active statesmen.

Superstitious Don'ts

DON'T look at a mirror until it breaks.

Don't walk under a falling safe.

Don't throw soup over your left shoulder.

Don't put on your shirt upside down.

Don't look at the old moon over your right foot.

Don't get out of bed at the wrong hour.

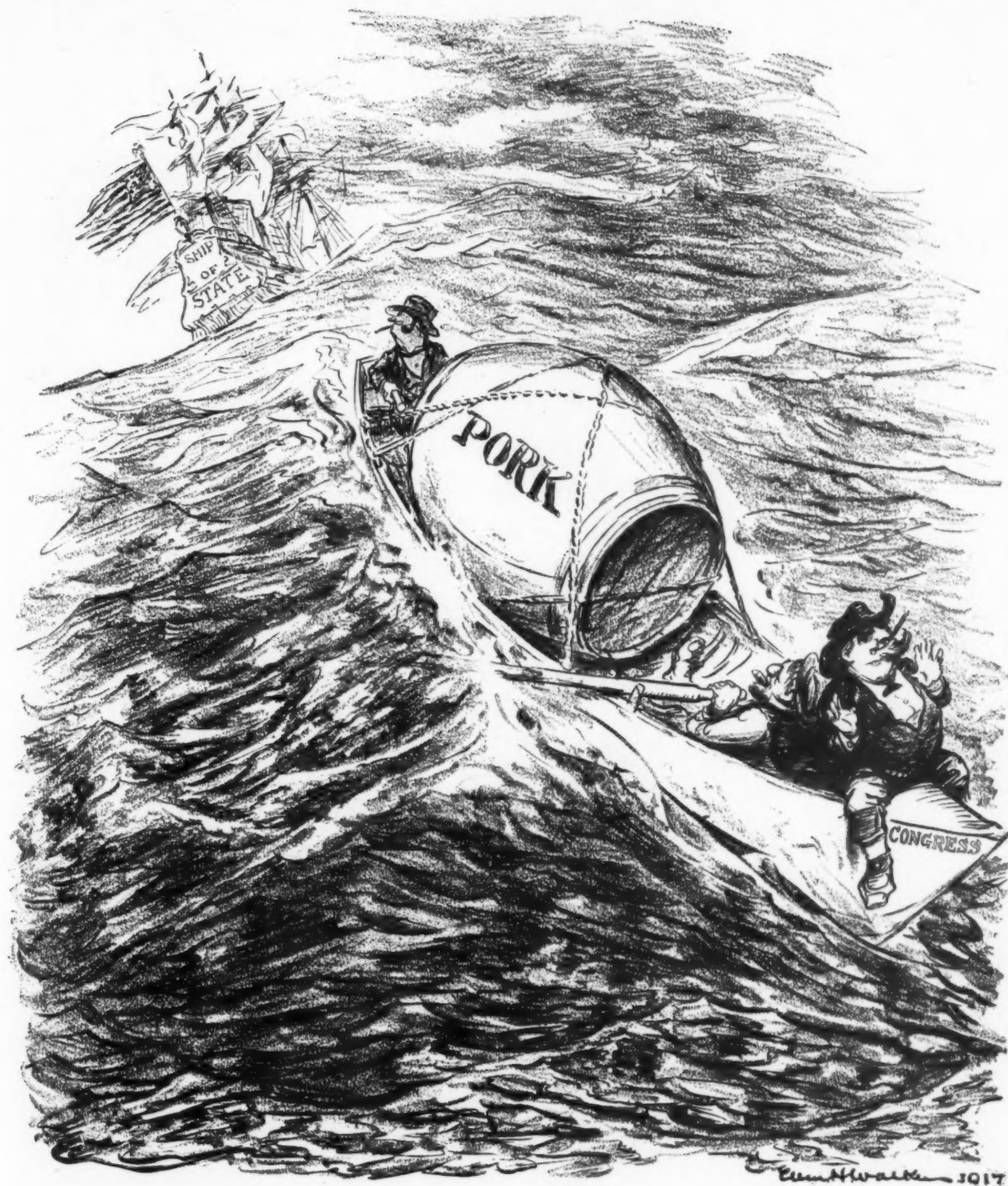
Don't turn your umbrella inside out.

Don't lose thirteen dollars at bridge.

Don't get married (on Friday).

Don't lead a funeral procession.

THE telescope is the instrument for lovers; the microscope for those who seek a divorce.



"LET HER SINK. WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANT."



THOSE FRENCH VICTORIES
HOW CERTAIN NEUTRALS FELT

The Responsible Party

"And blest be he who first invented Sleep." Books.

The Man Who First Invented Books sat in his cave alone
A-chipping hieroglyphics with a flint upon a stone,
A tale of hatchet-throwing with a Rudyard Kipling swing
To ease the idle moments of some horrid, hairy king.
Simple Inventor! did he know that Books, some day, alack!
Would come in India paper with a limp Morocco back,
That his king-amusing romance, given time, would wear
the guise
Of the Robert Chambers novel with a love-light in its eyes?

His implements were primal and his thoughts were very few;
He lied in clumsy fashion on the little that he knew;
It took, no doubt, a lifetime fraught with dull, generic
pain,
To produce the weekly output of a hustler like Hall Caine,
Yet he wrought through weary seasons making countless
chisels blunt
To produce a work his Monarch might reward with half-
a-grunt.
There was little eyesight ruined in the Pre-Historic Age.
And, as few men cared to ponder o'ef his labored, granite
page,

Perhaps the first announcement to the waiting world he
gave
In an ad. marked "RED BLOOD THRILLER" on the
rocks outside his cave,
Till a crowd of skin-clad critics gathered round with dole-
ful plunk
And pronounced the cave-man verdict which denoted
"Pretty punk!"
Then some primitive press agent spread the story through
the home
That a Certain Well-Known Scandal had an airing in the
tome;
Which produced so great a flurry that they sold for
profit net
All, quite all, the first edition—which consisted of one set.

The Man Who First Invented Books sat in his cave alone,
Whittling with a flinty jack-knife on a block of building
stone;
He had not the faintest notion how the industry would
grow
From a Cave to a Carnegie in a million years or so.
He had no remotest inkling of the bookyards up-to-date
Who supply canned thought in carloads at the ruling
market rate.
In fact, when that Inventor sowed the seed for such a crop,
Did he know he'd started something that he knew not
how to stop?

Wallace Irwin.



MAKING A DEPOSIT
GOOD FOR ITS FACE VALUE

Reflections

THE woman in Philadelphia who dressed in two minutes and thirty-six seconds gives rise to interesting reflections.

History has a tendency to repeat itself. The modern trotting horse began with Bonner's Dexter, who made the mile in 2:40, and it will not be overlooked that 2:40 and 2:36 are only four seconds apart.

Goldsmith Maid cut the time to 2:14, and the mile is now trotted in something like two minutes.

May we argue from analogy that a two-minute woman is a possibility of the future?

LIBERTY is not ease. It is a difficult condition of high responsibility.



FEBRUARY 15, 1917.

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 69
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A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

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**M**MUCH obliged to Germany
for once!Nobody else could have put
us where we belong.

It is a great relief—oh, very great—and everybody sighs and seems delighted. It becomes worth while once more to read the papers, which, what with Belgian deportations and French deportations—especially the recent herding off of thousands of French women—and other infamies, had come to be weary work. We could do nothing about the lamentable things we read of, and as it is, Heaven knows what we can do, and things are likely to be worse before they are better. But at least, and at last, we are on the way to where we belong.

And Germany did us this great favor! Thanks be to Germany for this mercy—the kindest thing she has done since the war began. George Viereck said of the German notice when it came: "It cannot fail to give unlimited satisfaction to the President as well as the American people." Just our sentiment to a hair! Thank you, George! The President, with a proper regard for propriety, has disguised the satisfaction which it must have given him, but he admits that it has done the business, and he has sent a full set of passports to Excellency Bernstorff, who receives them with resignation, but sadly, for he has tried hard to keep the peace. That is all, up to this writing, but all the rest seems to be coming down the road, and it gives a new flavor to life.

And what a thorough job. It was hard to get us into the war. We couldn't well butt in, and if we had, there would have been a great multitude of reluctants who would have hung back and protested, but here comes this German notice, standing not at all on ceremony or manners, but seemingly bent on fetching us all in together, Democrats and Republicans, hyphens, pacifists and everybody, with a great boot in our collective behind.

Any way, so we get where we belong! The best way to get into a war is the way that makes the most people glad to be in. That was the thorough, German way. A wonderful people, the Germans! The nations, first or last, have all done plenty that they ought not to have done. The people are not so bad, but the nations have all been hogs, and worse, according to their opportunities, and one can easily make out that they ought all to be in jail. The distinction to make about the Germans under their present management is that the place for them is in the jail for the criminal insane. Considering what the habits of nations have been, and that all of them who have got much of anything took it away from someone else, it would not have been hard to make out a passable *casus belli* for Germany as against, say, Great Britain. But from first to last the Germans have silenced exculpation and defense by their atrocious behaviors. They have insisted that no one with eyes should fail to see that to beat them in this war was the price of even a fair approximation to peace on earth. Our President, hating war, held out against this conviction to the

very last. Now they have bagged him too, and with him, at last, the United States.

**G**LORY be, and gratitude, for that result, but why did they do it?

No doubt the German government had to do it. It is incredible that even Germans could have supposed that their notice would be accepted at Washington. But dearth is crowding Germany hard. The hardships and even the cruelties of the war have doubtless revolted many of the German people; discontent must be very prevalent, and the dynasty looks like a cornered rat. There was this one weapon, the submarine, not yet used to its limit. Every other tuck being let out, this one had to go too to raise one more hope in the hearts of the German people.

And they tell us that Hindenberg, the idol of the Germans, came slowly to believe that the new submarines might do the business for England, and supported with his great influence the proposal to turn them loose.

That is one explanation. Another is that the German government wanted the United States in the war to save the German face when the end came. That is Admiral Beresford's idea, put out a year or more ago. At this stage there may be truth in it.

But after all, wasn't it just the German way; another detail of the method that was illustrated by the rape of Belgium, and that has been steadily illustrated ever since by one thing after another? A gambler, or a stock-speculator, is apt to lose in part the control of his mind. His judgment ceases to govern his action. He dreams of great winnings; every last chance becomes for him the opportunity of a lifetime, and he goes on till he has nothing left.

So Germany! It looks as though she could not stop, nor anyone save her; as though her performance must



THE WAY TO STOP THE WAR
PUT HIM AND HIS SIX SONS IN THE TRENCHES

go through to the end of the last appointed act, and the curtain be rung down on the finish of that in her that has wrought her ruin, and brought the whole world to its knees.



TO be sure, as LIFE goes to press we are not yet in the war, and if Germany suddenly wills that we say out

she may contrive to exclude us for a while longer. The accession to our demand for release of American prisoners captured by raiders is evidence of a disposition to appease our Uncle Sam. But the chances now are all against an effectual side-step. Mr. Bryan knows how we can keep out, and has issued a statement expounding it, the substance of which is that if we mind our eye, and do promptly and precisely what Germany desires, we needn't get in. "Wire immediately," he says, "to the President, your Senators and your Congressmen. A few cents now may save many dol-

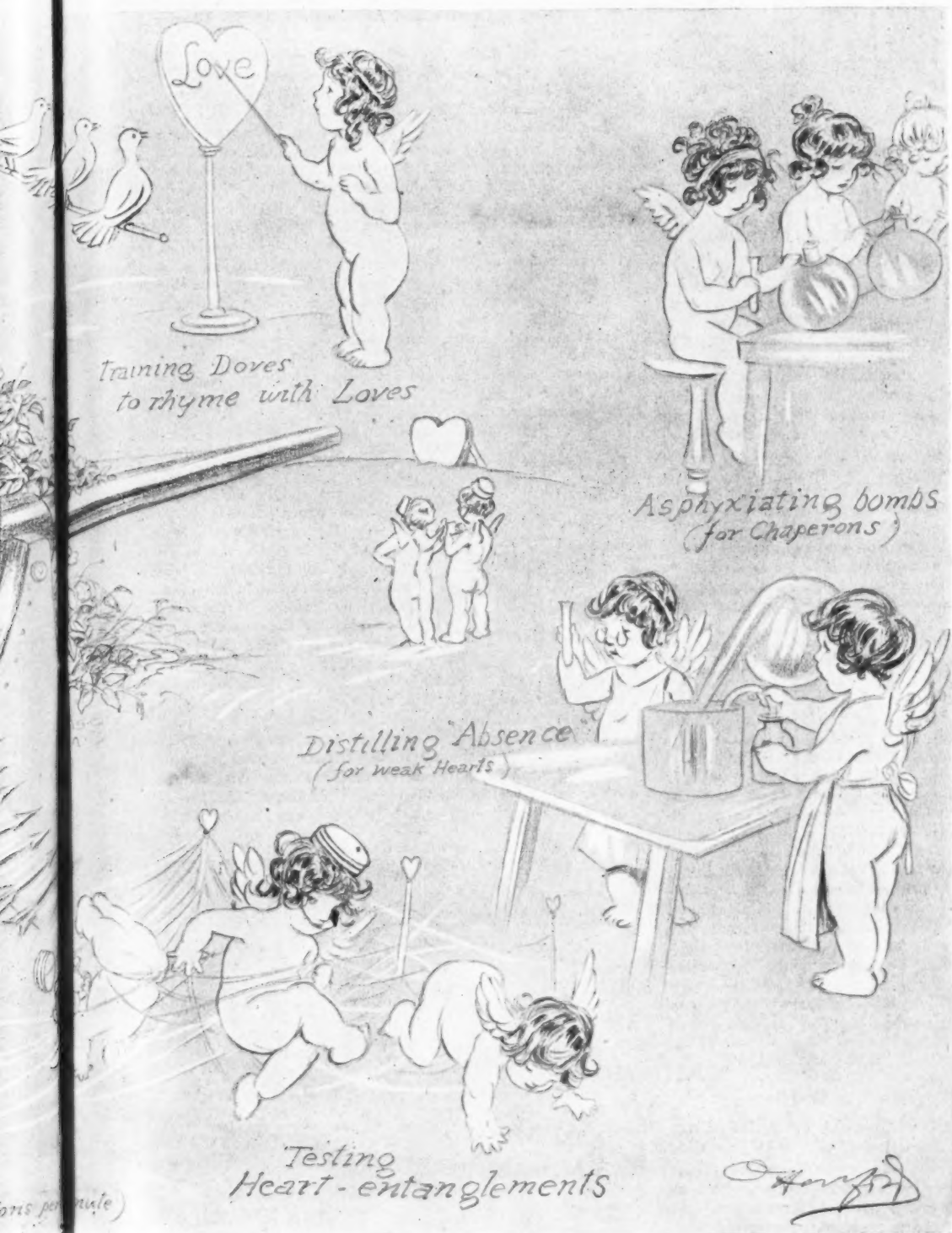
lars in taxation, and possibly a son."

Brother Bill is a thrifty soul, but this time his advertisement gets no better place than the back pages of the papers, and there seem to be few who want to take his medicine. The situation is far beyond any capacity of his to affect. Indeed it seems quite beyond human direction. It is surrounded by huge, inexorable compulsions. Germany *must* fight on, for if she stops her government will collapse. The Allies *must* fight on or leave Germany victorious; we *must* get in if Germany wills it, or become an outcast among nations. Whatever this war is intended to effect must be effected before it can end, and cost what it may, whoever is summoned to lend a hand must respond. No one who is called is free to hang back. Barring some miracle of peace such as might result from internal revolt in Germany, the worst of the war is still to come. The Germans have given notice that they intend to run amuck on the sea. If they do, it is reasonable to expect that they will do the same on land. With our country drawn in, the last restraint on deviltry is gone. No neutral country will be safe, nor any prisoner of war. We may look for massacres, and if the Allies finally break through into Germany, for appalling reprisals. This war has already yielded horrors unmatched for centuries. The Thirty Years' War was the worst preceding this, and that was mainly fought by Germans. If the Germans set out to convince their neighbors that the only good German is a dead one, it is safe to assume that they will make a thorough job of it as usual.

So that seems to be the kind of war we are on the brink of. Probably it will soon be done with now—but we can't tell. Probably we shall not get into it very far,—but we can't tell. All we know is what Mr. Wilson has recognized, that no one who is summoned to that war can refuse to respond.

Our American Hyphens seem to see the case much as the rest of us do. They don't feel happy to have us in with the Allies, but their talk is very sober and loyal to Uncle Sam. It helps the case with them very much that we get into the war—if we do—by act of Germany.







The Gay Life Here and in Jerusalem



"CANARY COTTAGE" certainly housed a lot of birds, but they were of the human genus and came, apparently, from the breezy circles of San Francisco society to while away their time at the curious bungalow in the mountains. The production of this lively musical piece marked the addition of another new place of entertainment to

the already theatre-crowded neighborhood of Longacre Square. Mr. Oliver Morosco, the energetic California manager and producer, is the proprietor. In addition to providing a new color scheme in the decorations and dispensing with the gallery, Mr. Morosco has given us one very agreeable innovation. The seats themselves are not only unusually comfortable, but between the rows are an extra two or three inches of space which is a generous concession to the long-legged and removes a fruitful cause of annoyance for both those who stay in and those who go out between acts.

The usual long list of writers and composers, including Mr. Morosco himself, is made responsible for the words and music of "Canary Cottage." With the exception of Trixie Friganza and Mr. Herbert Corthell, who are the principal fun-makers, the members of the clever cast are mostly unfamiliar. The manager has a way of digging up new people and giving them congenial rôles with agreeable results to every one.

"Canary Cottage" is evidently intended to amuse, and only to amuse, very knowing and up-to-the-minute audiences. In the era shortly to arrive when over-indulgence or any indulgence at all in alcoholic drinks will be absolutely an unknown thing in our goodly, godly United States, a great many of the allusions and a great part of the fun now present in the piece would be entirely incomprehensible to the straight-backed Americans of that period of complete and pious bliss. Alcoholic humor is not of the highest type but, as in the present case, it can be made laughable without being revolting. The chorus contingent is quite up to the standard in beauty and symmetry.

The music of "Canary Cottage" is of the whistleable type, and not entirely bereft of the essential rag-time. Persons in good health, not too high-browed and willing to be amused will find entertainment and novelty in "Canary Cottage."



THE young ladies whom the Prodigal Son met when he went up to Jerusalem to spend his share of his father's money were picturesque even if they were not regular church-goers or members of the Jerusalem Four-hundred. At least this is the impression to be gained from "The Wanderer," a version of the New Testament parable, turned into spectacular Old Testament drama by Wilhelm

Schmidtbonn, a German, and Americanized by Mr. Maurice V. Samuels.

The second of the three acts of this Biblical play is devoted entirely to the young-lady experiences of the hero, who is called *Jether* by the authors. Without this act there would be little excuse for "The Wanderer" as the appeal of the other two acts is a sober one and not calculated to reach the senses of the New York public. The spectacular second act, however, makes up for all the scriptural theeing and thowing in the other two. The establishment of *Madame Nadina* was evidently located in the red-light district of Jerusalem, and gives one a new impression of just what went on in that great Jewish metropolis. Even New York, its present-day successor, has never seen anything quite so gorgeous in the same line. The stage of the Manhattan Opera House is a big one, but its capacity was taxed to hold the crowd of young women and their gentlemen friends who gathered at *Nadina's* to feast and revel. In such surroundings *Jether's* money didn't last very long, and at the end of this episode we find him stripped of his fine raiment and thrust outside the gate with no other resource than to return to the mutton industry on the farm of his father, *Jesse*.



THIS gorgeous and barbaric scene, set in the *art nouveau* style by Stern, who was also responsible for the setting of "Sumurun," was in direct contrast with the delightful pastoral picture shown in the other acts. In the first of these we have pictured the discontent of *Jether* and his desire to try life in the city. In the last act we have it as the background for the return of the prodigal. It was a realization of the most ambitious mental picture of life in the patriarchal days and no details were lacking to the picture, even to the farm animals, including a numerous flock of sheep coming down the hills and crossing the stage under the guidance of a shepherd and some very modern thoroughbred collies.

The author and adapter have expanded the parable, particularly in the matter of *Jether's* Jerusalem experiences and by



"HURRAH! I'M ELECTED TO OCCUPY THE HEART OF A BOY!"



"PULL DOWN YOUR SKIRTS, ISABEL."

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MOTHER. I'M NOT A BIT COLD."

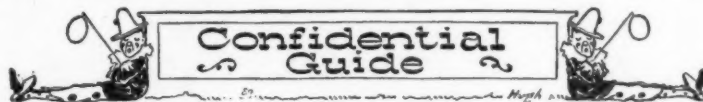
a profuse use of thees and thous giving its language a Biblical tone. The management has given "The Wanderer" the benefit of the splendid staging and a cast of notables including Messrs. James O'Neill, Charles Dalton, William H. Thompson, William Elliott, Lionel Braham and Sidney Herbert, together with the Misses Florence Reed, Nance O'Neill and Beverly Sitgreaves. It is unusual to find so much celebrity combined in one company, and evidences the fact that the management was willing to be extravagant in the salary expenditure as well as in the cost of the physical pro-

duction. The combination of setting and cast is artistically worthy of different dramatic material, but for commercial purposes this arrangement of a Bible story is as attractive as something of more complex dramatic interest.

"The Wanderer" is quite worth seeing as spectacle and particularly in its demonstration of one phase of life in the palmy days of Jerusalem.

It shows that in that city the police must have been even more lax than they were here in the times before Dr. Parkhurst completely eradicated vice from New York.

Metcalf.



Astor.—"Her Soldier Boy," with Adele Rowland and Messrs. Clifton Crawford and John Charles Thomas. Agreeable and well presented musical play with some of its allusions to the war situation in Belgium not likely to seem amusing in the present circumstances.

Bandbox.—"The Lodger." Light, but diverting, mystery farce, well acted by English company.

Belasco.—Frances Starr in "Little Lady in Blue." A romantic comedy of the days when Britain had wooden ships and real sailors. Wholesome and well done.

Booth.—Mr. William Gillette in "A Successful Calamity," by Clare Kummer. Notice later.

Casino.—"You're in Love." Notice later.

Century.—"The Century Girl." This big theatre and big stage given over to a girl-and-music show of the usual type.

Cohan and Harris's.—"Captain Kidd, Jr." Clean and agreeable light comedy with a mixture of sentiment and rural fun.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players. Four interesting and original playlets done in original fashion. Notice of the new bill will appear later.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Well staged, but somewhat suggestive farcical comedy purporting to portray life in Long Island society.

Criterion.—"Johnny, Get Your Gun." Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters," by Mr. Max Marcin. Highly amusing treatment of the upper circles of expert criminals.

Nora Bayes in matinee and Sunday evening performances. Rag-time in clever and diverting demonstration.

Empire.—Maude Adams in Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella." Whimsical and very British, but giving the star excellent opportunity in a slavery part.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Joan the Woman" in moving-picture demonstration, with Geraldine Farrar as the star. Elaborate movie spectacle taking liberties with the career of

Joan of Arc, but impressive in some of its spectacles.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair," by Mr. Bayard Veiller. Drama of crime mystery, clever and well staged.

Fulton.—"H," by Mr. Mark Swann. Notice later.

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. Humorous study in criminal reformation, funny and well played.

Globe.—Laurette Taylor in "The Harp of Life," by Mr. J. Hartley Manners. Agreeable performance of interesting play again setting forth the argument against sex-ignorance of the young.

Harris.—"The Yellow Jacket." Extremely unusual drama, admirably performed in Chinese fashion.

Hippodrome.—"The Big Show." Ballet, spectacle with water and ice carnival.

Knickerbocker.—Last fortnight of Mr. David Warfield in revival of "The Music Master," by the late Charles Klein. A play and acting that stand well the wear and tear of time.

Liberty.—"Have a Heart." Amusing comic operetta with tuneful music and clever book.

Little.—"The Morris Dance," by Mr. Granville Barker. Notice later.

Longacre.—Mr. William Collier in "Nothing But the Truth," by Mr. James Montgomery. Laughable farcical comedy which demonstrates a method of making a Wall Street man tell the truth.

Lyteum.—Mr. Henry Miller in revival of "The Great Divide." Notice later.

Lyric.—"The Honor System." The prison question in movie-picture discussion. Notice later.

Manhattan Opera House.—"The Wanderer," adapted from the German by Mr. Maurice V. Samuels. See above.

Marine Elliott's.—"Magic," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and "The Little Man," by Mr. John Galsworthy. Notice later.

Morocco.—"Canary Cottage." See above.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back," by Mr. J. E. Goodman. Drama of the reformation of a young American who had gone wrong. Strong and well done.

Princess.—Closed.

Punch and Judy.—Closed.

Republic.—Jane Cowl in "Lilac Time." Notice later.

Shubert.—"Love o' Mike." Musical play with the chorus feature on rather new lines. Tuneful and well staged.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Emma Dunn in "Old Lady 31" by Rachel Crothers. Pathetic comedy of old age. Well acted and amusing.

Winter Garden.—"The Show of Wonders." More than usually legitimate entertainment for the t. b. m. in the form of elaborate girl-and-music show.



Mandy: I DONE HEAR HE'S AWFUL WILD AND WICKED.

Lulu: YES, HE CERTAINLY AM DE WHITE SHEEP OB HIS FAMILY.

More Help for the Babies



CAMILLE RÉVEILLE, BABY 564

AS LIFE goes to press there seems a likelihood that our mail communication with Paris may become irregular, but contributors to the fund may be sure that there will be no more delay than necessary in forwarding funds and in transmitting the information we may receive concerning the children.

We have received from LIFE's readers a total of \$67,976.37, from which 351,400.74 francs have been re-

mitted to Paris.

LIFE gratefully acknowledges from

H. F. P. and J. F. M., Akron, O., for Baby No. 872...	\$73
Mrs. E. C. T. Miller, Cleveland, O., for Babies Nos. 873, 874, 875, 876 and 877...	365
Charles L. Hibbard, Jr., and Stephen B. Hibbard, Pittsfield, Mass., for Baby No. 878...	73
Tommy and Molly Allinson, West Chester, Pa., for Baby No. 879	73
John and S. Douglas Cornell, Buffalo, N. Y., for Baby No. 880	73
Carol Whitney, New York City, for Baby No. 881...	73
Eric Whitney, New York City, for Baby No. 882...	73
Perle Ward Root, New York City, for Baby No. 883...	73
H. E. Hitchcock, West Hartford, Conn., for Baby No. 884	73
In Memory of Marion, Redlands, Cal., for Babies Nos. 885 and 886	146
J. P. Gowing, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 887...	73
Marylee and Margaret Chahoon, Grand Mere, Quebec, Canada, for Babies Nos. 888 and 889...	146
Walter Victor Cotchett, Jr., San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 890	73
Mrs. Charlotte W. Eddy, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 891	73
Mrs. E. S. Westbrook, Omaha, Neb., for Baby No. 892...	73
"The Children," Buffalo, N. Y., for Baby No. 893...	73
Augusta Buck Parry and W. W. Parry, Rome, N. Y., for Baby No. 894	73
G. A. Buckstaff, Oshkosh, Wis., for Baby No. 895...	73
Mrs. Eugene W. Lewis, Grosse Pointe, Mich., for Baby No. 896	73
Robert P. Gibb, Brooklyn, N. Y., for Baby No. 898...	73
Mrs. Richard A. Parker, Denver, Colo., for Baby No. 899	73
Mildred and Dorothy Lauder, Concord, N. H., for Baby No. 900	73
In Memory of S. A. O., Evanston, Ill., for Baby No. 902	73
Hazel Montague, Theodore L. Montague, Jr., Montgomery Montague and Katherine Wales Montague, Chattanooga, Tenn., for Babies Nos. 903, 904, 905 and 906	292
"C. W., Cal.," for Baby No. 907	73
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lee Williams, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 908	73
Friends, Springfield, Mass., for Baby No. 909	73
Imbrie Buftum, Princeton, N. J., for Baby No. 910...	73
M. R. Bronson, Ishpeming, Mich., for Baby No. 911...	73
The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass., for Babies Nos. 912 and 913	146
E. G. Berrien, Oroya, Peru, S. A., for Baby No. 914...	73
G. T. P., Sharon, Pa., for Babies Nos. 915 and 916...	146
Miss Annie L. Kimball, Brooklyn, N. Y., for Baby No. 917	73
Miss Bertha M. Reed, Worcester, Mass., for Baby No. 918	73
St. Paul's Cathedral Sunday School, Detroit, Mich., for Baby No. 919	73
A. F. Daniels and J. A. H., Vancouver, Wash., to complete Baby No. 897	38
W. D. Moore & Co., New York City, on account	36.50

FOR BABY NUMBER 863

Already acknowledged	\$53.20
"W." Worcester, Mass.	2

Anonymous, Fremont, O.	5
Marian Sherwood, Beatrice, Neb.	5
J. L. C., West Elizabeth, Pa.	5
W. B., Los Angeles, Cal.	2
Mrs. Wm. Henry Jewett, Seattle, Wash.	.80
	\$73

FOR BABY NUMBER 901

Mrs. Wm. Henry Jewett, Seattle, Wash.	.20
Friends, Springfield, Mass.	8.50
For La Fayette, Birmingham, Ala.	5.77
G. A. W., Buffalo, N. Y.	5
St. Paul's Cathedral Sunday School, Detroit, Mich.	27
	\$46.47

In this list we print first the number and name of the baby, followed by the names of the contributors.

425. Yvonne Lejeune. Laura B. Penfield, New York City.
418. Raymond Bardin. Several contributors.
439. Charlotte Lhuillier. "Three Lovers of France."
452. Roger Pérard. Lockhart and Peggy Cortright, St. Martins, Philadelphia.
440. Jeanne Bonnisseau. "\$XX."
442. Yvonne Caijo. Esther B. Pearson, Newton Lower Falls, Mass.
451. Paulette Cantin. George A. Crocker, Jr., New York City.
443. Georgette Ducasse. Jeanne and Frances Stanley, New Britain.
396. Henri Guillois. "The Whitney Children," Carol, Eric and Henry.
444. Léonide Matté. Mona and Barrie Bracken, Brighton, Mass.
445. Julia Morvan. E. G. P., Rochester, N. Y.
441. Raymond Collas. Several contributors.
417. Henri Craff. "H. H., Pennsylvania."
446. Colette Carton. E. P., Rochester, N. Y.
436. Geneviève Giroux. Henry H. Derr, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
448. Francoise Lefort. Joshua M. Holmes, Oak Lane, Pa.
449. Madeleine Rouelle. Mrs. E. E. White, Milwaukee, Wis.
450. Aimée Rouot. Mrs. Frederick F. Ducharme, Detroit, Mich.

(Continued on page 282)



THE MANACH FAMILY, INCLUDING THE FATHER, WHO DIED FOR FRANCE, AND FRANCOIS, BABY 118



"DON'T GRUMBLE, MY DEARLY BELOVED BELGIANS. FRITZY IS MERELY TAKING THE FOOD THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WASTED ON YOUR OWN HUSBANDS AND FATHERS AND BROTHERS"

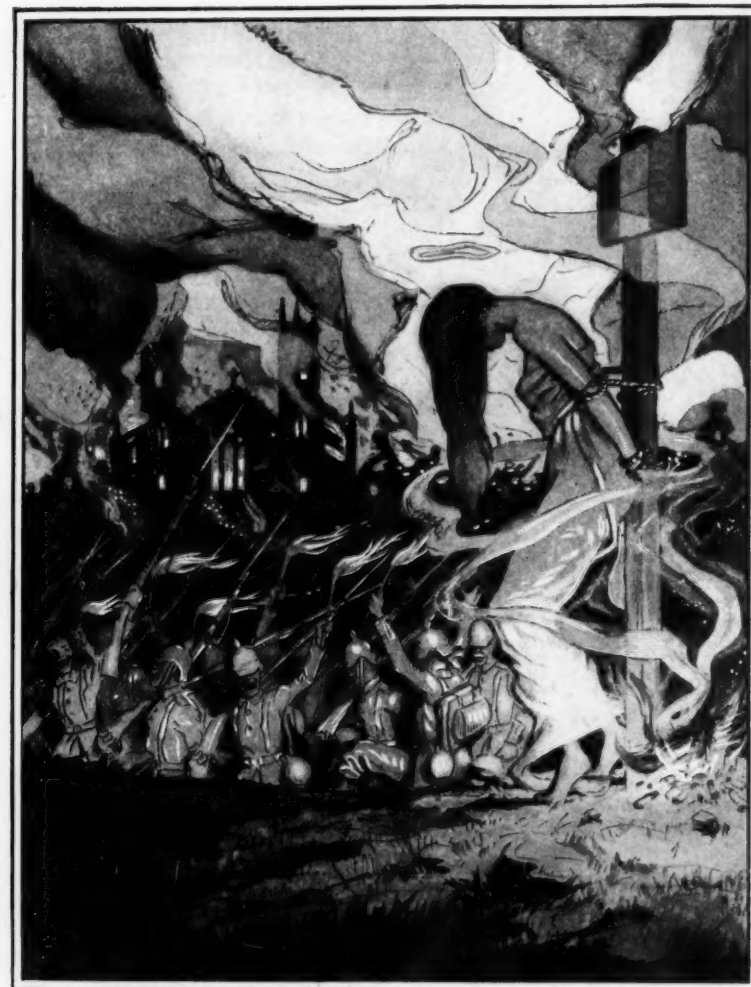
The Latest Books

YOU can spend ten profitable minutes on a train with almost anyone. Ten hours is different. Ten days' companionship aboard ship is an acid test. Ten weeks together in the interior of China is equal to a thousand. Short of marriage (which is slower and can't be played "stag") the most drastic trying-out process known to human beings is traveling together—even in book form. Travel books are written on litmus paper. They infallibly reveal the character of the author's mind.

PUT a man in an automobile; carry him from New York City to Indiana; have him sit down and write a *five-hundred-page book* about the trip—can you imagine a more terrific test, quantitative and qualitative, of the man's personal, intellectual and spiritual content? Of the scope, quality and richness of his reactions, past and present, to the unfolding scroll of daily living, to the panorama of contemporary America, to the eternal riddles of the race? Would you care to meet a man (through his book) who triumphantly stands this test? To travel with him and hob-nob with him on the way? To be made his intimate and to become his debtor in a hundred ways? Read Theodore Dreiser's "A Hoosier Holiday" (Lane, \$3.00).

SPEAKING of China—Will Levington Comfort's new novel, "The Last Ditch" (Doran, \$1.35), is a stirring story of desperate physical endeavor and super-soul strife amid the plottings of the recent republican upheaval in the Celestial Kingdom—the history of a young American's adventurous connection with the revolutionary cause, plus his transcendental bee-flight of mystic mating with a foreordained woman of the Gobi desert. Comfort's vivid descriptive powers, his genre-knack and sense of drama, are here, as in his former novels, joined, without fusing, to his intense and almost painfully earnest desire to demonstrate the concrete validity of iridescent human illusions.

ROSE WILDER LANE has done a difficult thing surpassingly well in putting "Henry Ford's Own Story" (Ellis O. Jones Forest Hills, N. Y., \$1.00) as he has told it to her into impersonal narrative form. The thing is as simple, as swiftly sequent, and withal as plastic, as fine fiction. Yet throughout it has all the lure of literalness and the zest



BELGIUM

of authentic revelation. It is *news* creatively conveyed. To read it is to find art, like a flivver, carrying curiosity to its desired goal. The book is likely to be a best-seller, and, which is less usual, deserves to be.

THERE are two volumes the annual appearance of which is gradually coming to be depended on and watched for by more and more of the busy, but interested, readers of the country, and the value and dependability of which it is a pleasure to bear witness to. One of these is Edward J. O'Brien's "Best Short Stories of the Year." The other is William Stanley Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse and Year Book

of American Poetry." Both represent labors of love indefatigably pursued and critical discrimination of a high order. The "Best Stories" of last year is on the press. The 1916 "Anthology" (Gomme, \$1.50) has just appeared and is commended to all busy seekers for the best work in a scattered but rapidly developing field of contemporary literature.

DOG lovers who are not antipathetic to sentiment rather trowel-somely laid on will find Esther Birdsall Darling's story of an Alaskan dog's development from shabby puppyhood into the supreme cross-country speed champion of the canine Derby of the north—

(Continued on page 283)



"WHY, FRED, THAT IS PROFESSOR BRANEY. I NEVER HEARD ANYONE USE SO MANY LONG WORDS."

"YES; THE TROUBLE WITH HIM IS HE USES TWIN-SIX WORDS TO EXPRESS ONE-CYLINDER IDEAS."

How the President Erred

NO matter how else we may view President Wilson's Peace note, we are all agreed that he made a serious *faux pas* in not consulting Wall Street concerning the momentous step.

May we hope it will be a lesson to him. Wall Street, as a well-established and time-honored institution for separating an innocent public from its negotiable funds, must be protected. Before making a move of importance, the Government should always go to Wall Street, knock respectfully upon its gilded door and, in well-modulated tones, say:

"Oh, Wall Street, the Government is contemplating such-and-such a move.

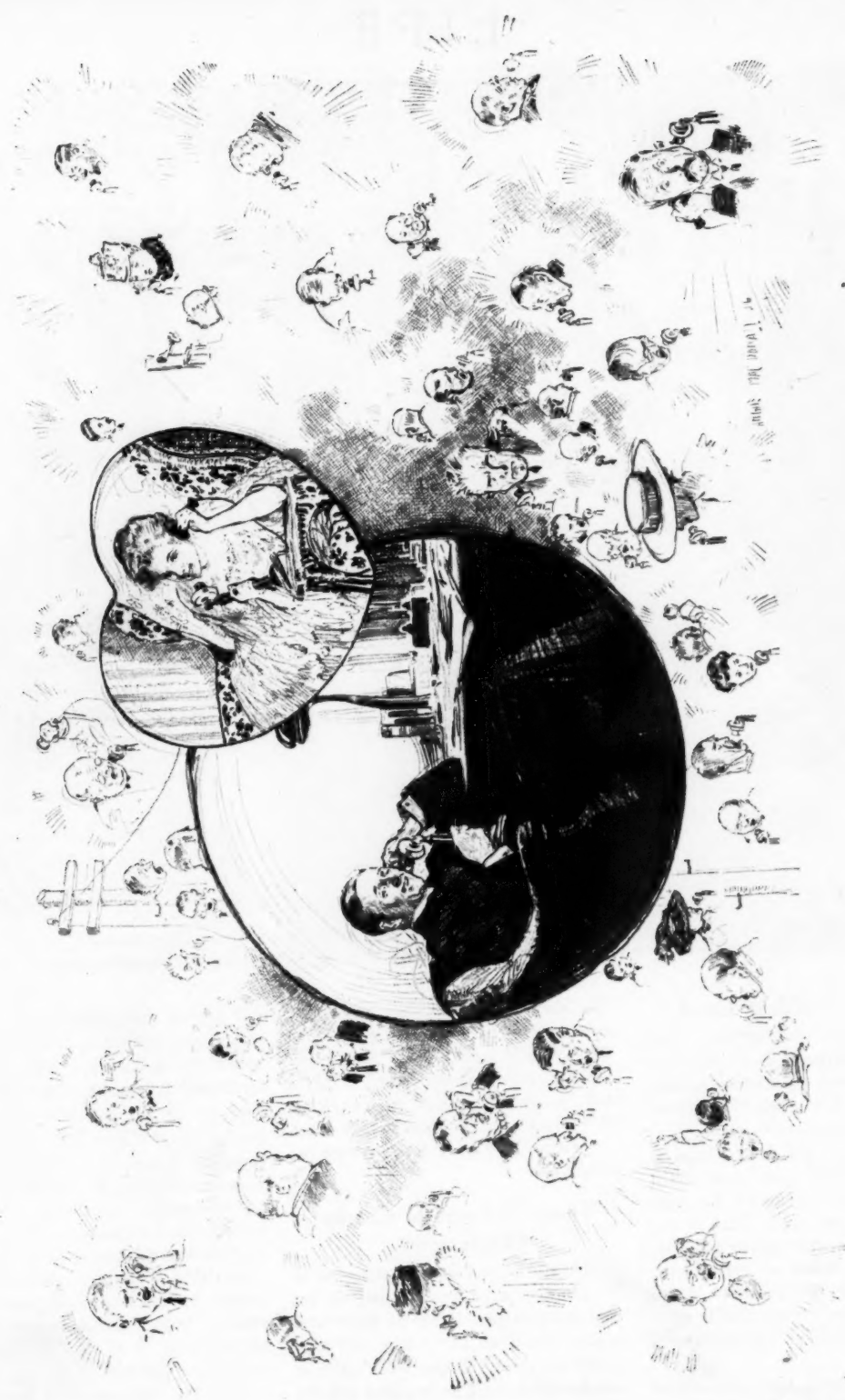
How does it fit into your plans for shearing the current crop of lambs?"

This would satisfy Wall Street and save such papers as the *New York Sun* from many an attack of apoplexy. Wall Street really doesn't care what happens so long as it gets advance information.

Those Unfortunate Charity Organizations

CHARITY organizations are doubly disadvantaged because they do not inspire the respect either of those who support them or those who are supported by them. Organized charity is a taste which must be acquired and the difficulty of acquiring it is great. With

our nimble and well-trained wits, we may figure out many reasonable arguments why it is a good thing that charity should be organized, but if we follow our instinct, which is still often a good guide, we invariably shrink at the thought. It appears a cold-blooded and unemotional thing to attempt to organize an impulse like charity. If it can be organized we suspect it is not charity, but some baser motive, like self-advertising or conscience-relief. When misery becomes so widespread as to require huge inefficient organization to palliate it, it is time we spent our organizing faculties in the way of preventing the said misery by discovering its cause and removing it.



THE BUSY MAN'S WIFE



A MIDWINTER VISIT TO A PHYSICAL CULTURE FAMILY

"ARE YOU COLD, MR. SMITH?"
"OH DEAH BE! DOUGH!"

Mr. Daniels Buys Shells

NOT in all particulars at all times has LIFE been able to approve the activities of Secretary Daniels. The more welcome is an opportunity to applaud him in well-doing in the matter of shells.

We ought to buy our naval shells at home, and Mr. Daniels says he wants to. But, by his account, our domestic shell-makers have not only been hogging unconscionably in price, but making very inferior shells. He advertised for shells. An English company, Hadfields, Limited, put in a bid at a price \$200 below the lowest American bid.

Not only that, but of thirty-four sample 14-inch shells submitted by the Bethlehem Steel Company only three passed the test. Out of samples sent

in by the Crucible Steel Company 37.7 per cent. passed the test, and of the Midvale Company's samples 73 per cent. passed. But the three sample shells and six additional test shells sent by Hadfields all met all requirements.

Mr. Daniels gave his contract to Hadfields. To be sure, the British government quite unexpectedly forbade Hadfields to deliver the shells at present, and we may have to get them at home after all.

But what is the matter with our naval munition-makers that they don't make better goods at more reasonable prices? They seem all to be rolling in money—Mr. Schwab's Bethlehem Company has just declared a 200 per cent. dividend—and yet they seem ready to screw the utmost dollar out of the gov-

ernment, and fail to make a good delivery at that.

Mr. Daniels seems to be a good hand to deal with munition-makers.

Slogans for the Herald

WHY does the *Herald* borrow the familiar slogans of the *Sun* and *Times* to ornament the upper corners of its front page?

There they are: "All the news that's fit to print" in one corner; "It shines for all" in the other.

How very cheeky, and how very curious! The rankest piracy, of course!

The *Herald* should get up some slogans of its own. Why not put on one side: "Beats on sea news," and on the other: "Europe's only organ here"?



THE SPECTRE

Children's Playgrounds

THE problem of adding to the number of children's playgrounds in cities is becoming constantly more acute. Every additional motor car constructed increases by so much the danger. Children surely have a right to be born and have their human motive power developed as well as motor cars have a right to be manufactured. Considering the great number of accidents to children in city streets, it is astonishing how slow we are to stop this loss of young life and limb. Children continue, through necessity and in constantly increasing numbers, to use the city streets, lacking any better place. They have as much inherent right to do this as grown-ups, if not more. Certainly nobody would have the audacity to suggest adding to our already overburdened curriculum a class in training infants to dodge automobiles. Merely as an adequate means of national defense for the future, we shall soon be compelled to tear down many of our city buildings to provide space for playgrounds.

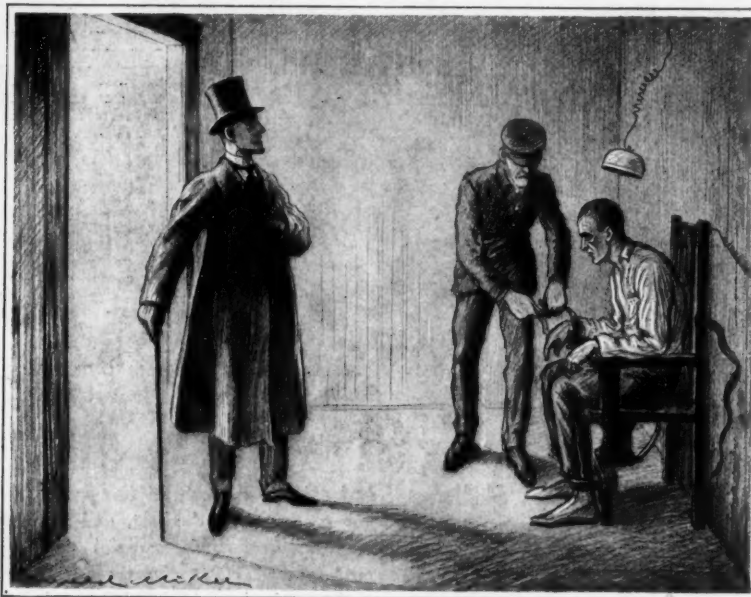
Literary Feudalism

LITERARY feudalism is on its way. It started with certain sections of the reading public having peculiar tastes, with the result that certain periodicals sprang up to suit them, and certain editors found themselves obliged to discover and instruct certain authors to write stuff to please the peculiar tastes. The authors, needing bread, butter and incidentals, followed the editorial instructions, and the number of periodicals and editors, not increasing at the same ratio as the number of authors, leaves the editors with a decided economic advantage. As the process of submission and rejection or

To a Lady

I WAS gay when I was young,
I was quick of eye and tongue,
And a very handy chap for any plan;
But since I saw Clarice,
My mind has lost its peace,
And I'm nothing but a remnant of
a man.

Before my fate is foiled,
And I'm completely spoiled,
I beg you duty's summons not to shirk;
But since you've got my best,
Be kind, and take the rest,
And join again my fragments so
they'll work.




Kind-Hearted Governor: HUM! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT IF YOU WERE REALLY INNOCENT YOU WOULD SHOW MORE APPRECIATION OF MY HAVING COMMUTED YOUR SENTENCE TO LIFE-IMPRISONMENT!

acceptance of literature develops, the editors will grow stronger, and the authors more dependant, with the result that in the not far distant future each editor may have a completely tame company of retainers, including humorists, sentimentalists, vers-librists and all other species of ists. When that dreadful day arrives street-cleaning commissioners should have no difficulty in recruiting hordes of snow removers.

UNCLE SAM has decided to let sculptors put their initials on the coins they design. That's a good beginning. The next step is to design some coins that will give the people of 2000 A. D. as much interest in the artist as we should take in a bit of news about the anonymous Greek who created a coin of 400 B. C.

WOODROW said, "Peace"; and lo! there was not.

Do you want a clear complexion?



FOR a woman of fashion there can be no luxury equal to the consciousness that her complexion is clear, fresh, delicately radiant. To keep it so, no amount of cosmetics can equal the *regular* use of a soap which thoroughly cleanses, and at the same time has just the right soothing, healing action to maintain the *natural* health and beauty of the skin.

Resinol Soap does this because it is an exquisitely pure and cleansing toilet soap containing the *Resinol* medication which physicians have prescribed for many years in the treatment of skin affections.

Resinol Soap builds good complexions without making extra demands on your already over-crowded day, and as for expense—at twenty-five cents a cake, Resinol Soap doubtless costs *less* than the soap which you are at present using and which can do nothing but *cleanse*.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and the best dealers in toilet articles. For a trial cake sufficient for a week's use, write to Dept. 26-K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap



Living Up to His Name

When the train stopped at an inland Virginia station the northern tourist sauntered out on the platform. Beneath a tall pine stood a lean animal with scraggy bristles. The tourist was interested.

"What do you call that?" he queried of a lanky "cracker."

"Razorback hawg."

"Well, what is he doing rubbing against that tree?"

"He's stropping himself, mister; jest stropping himself."—*Harper's Magazine.*

WHILE walking along the street an epileptic dropped in a fit and was quickly rushed to a hospital. Upon removing his coat one of the nurses found a piece of paper pinned to the lining, on which was written:

"This is to inform the house surgeon that this is just a plain fit—not appendicitis. My appendix has already been removed twice."—*New York Times.*



Mama Munchausen: MERCY ME! THAT BOY IS GETTING WORSE EVERY DAY. NOW HE'S TELLING A STORY OF A MAN WHO PAID TWELVE DOLLARS A TON FOR COAL.

Rather Drafty

American people have a very high appreciation of the humor of Englishmen, and have been specially tickled by a story Colonel Cody used to tell. He said that some years ago an Englishman who had never been in the West before was his guest. They were riding through a Rocky Mountain canyon one day, when suddenly a tremendous gust of wind came swooping down upon them and actually carried the Englishman clean off the wagon-seat. After he had been picked up he combed the sand and gravel out of his whiskers and said:

"I say! I think you overdo ventilation in this country!"—*Tit-Bits.*

The Discarded Rubaiyat

"A loaf of bread—a jug of wine"—began the young man who quotes poetry. "Are you aware," interrupted Miss Cayenne, "that bread is becoming more expensive every day, and that this is a prohibition community, anyhow?"

—*Washington Star.*

"I say, Mose, is that dog of yours a mongrel?"

"No, sah; jes' common dog, sah."

—*Baltimore American.*

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You sent them because of their fragrance. And how personal the message you expect that fragrance to convey. How perfectly you trust it. Trust likewise your sense of fragrance in choosing your tobacco. Depend upon it. It will never deceive you. A tobacco with a pure fragrance will always satisfy—"Your Nose Knows."

Such a tobacco is

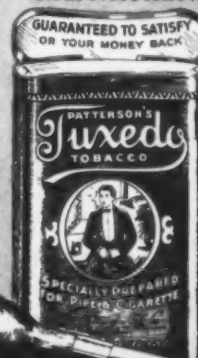
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HUMIDORS



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Safety First

A man observed that in these days of change and trying to keep up with Lizzie he had made it a rule never to ask a man how his wife was if he hadn't kept track of the pair for a couple of months. The rule was the result of his having said to a woman: "I had a long talk with your husband yesterday," and her reply: "Had you, indeed? He's a very interesting man, as I remember him."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Doubtful Praise

William Henry had become greatly puffed up over the fact that his wife was telling the neighbors that she had a model husband. He bored the boys in the office about it, until one of them called him to one side and suggested that he should look up the definition of the word "model." William Henry took down the dictionary and read: "Model—a small imitation of the real thing."

—Harper's Magazine.

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A Definition

"Father, what do they mean by gentlemen farmers?"

"Gentlemen farmers, my son, are farmers who seldom raise anything except their hats."—London Opinion.

Pork

The House that Jack Built was finished. "That's nothing," we cried, "you should see the post office that Sam built."—The Sun.

CREWE: Good heavens, how it rains! I feel awfully anxious about my wife. She's gone out without an umbrella.

DREW: Oh, she'll be all right. She'll take shelter in some shop.

CREWE: Exactly. That's what makes me so anxious.—Chicago Herald.

WOMAN

By VANCE THOMPSON

Tells how, from earliest times, man has specialized woman for sex alone and woman has striven to escape from that thralldom. The most searching and comprehensive account yet made of the causes of the Feminist Movement and its means of success, written in Vance Thompson's pungent and strongly individual style. Price, \$1.25. Postage extra.

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Advice to a Son About to Be Married

An old farmer receiving unexpectedly a letter from his son notifying him of the latter's engagement, wrote him the following:

Dear Adolph:

I thought I would ancer your kind welcum letter but you haf jard me up a little for a wile but I got over it now. By me tinkink it over now Adolph if you tink that you air getting a good girl that is true to you and treat you nice you marry hur I dont cair if you better your selve if you can but I think you air too young to get married yet you could waided 10 years then you would haf money to stand with. You will be a poor man all your life time but you want to get married you do so if you tink it is the best for you

My dear son I noaded som Eastern girls would pull you in you air too soft hardet but may doo all write we dont know these things. You outa wadet till you was 21 you hat planty time to get in truble yet. If you tink it is the best for you get married if you wanta I dont cair wat you do in marrying. Good by my loving son

Yours truly

father

Adolph tink over this marryin you noad Mr. Sam Stross oldes son boy he married in Boston and his wife left him with 4 kids and thay air all with his mother now Dont do this with me I cant keep them

—The Siren.

WEATHER

FAIR AND WARMER TO-DAY. TO-MORROW FAIR. MODERATE SOUTH WINDS.

Full Report on Page 12

Make Your Own Weather Forecasts

Your weather knowledge can be as authoritative, as far as sudden changes are concerned, as the government forecast if you have a

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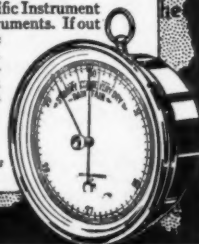
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1786

More Help for the Babies

(Continued from page 270)

397. Yvette Jacob. Mrs. Meta K. Moore, Berkeley, Cal.
398. Théophile Jacquemelle. Mrs. Andreini, New York City.
399. Gilberte Janichewsky. Julia White Brown, Winchendon, Mass.
402. Georges Kruch. Louise Harkness, Glen Cove, L. I.
403. Suzanne Kruch. Louise Harkness, Glen Cove, L. I.
400. Alexandre Labaye. "Anonymous, Lansing."
401. Raymond Laparra. Angelita and Joseph, Houston, Texas.
274. Régine Laurent. Mrs. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
275. Georges Le Corvoisier. Mrs. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
416. Ferdinand Legout. J. A. Mitchell, New York City.
433. Louis Le Limantour. Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Ellett, Memphis, Tenn.
434. Louis Lourdin. Neni de Laserve Imhaus, Portland, Oregon.
447. Jean Malvy. E. P., Jr., Rochester, N. Y.
438. Clémence Maniez. Mrs. F. K. Root, Chicago, Ill., and C. D. Irwin, Brookline, Mass.
276. Cécile Marc. Mrs. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
277. Luce Marc. Mrs. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
278. Maurice Martin. Mrs. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
279. Raymond Martin. Mrs. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
280. Gustave Meunier. Mrs. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
281. Raymonde Meyer. Mrs. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
426. Claudius Mullembach. H. S. Firestone, Akron, Ohio.
428. Charles Olivier. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ault, Knoxville, Tenn.
429. Lucien Pannetier. E. F. E., Washington, D. C.
407. Alexandre Parat. "A Friend."
408. Marie Parat. "A Friend."
430. Denise Parent. Katharine G. Seager, South Pasadena, Cal.
427. Alice Péduran. F. M. Doubleday, Garden City, N. Y.
251. Marcel Pernot. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
431. Francois Petit. Mrs. David Meade Massie, Chillicothe, Ohio.
252. Juliette Petit. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
432. Léon Pommeupuy. Ira B. Joralemon, Warren, Arizona.
404. Madeleine Richoilly. "To a Gallant People."
405. Edmonde Rogez. Marjorie and Albert Graham Lee, Jr., Steubenville, O.



"POOR THING! HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE SHE LOST HER ARMS?"

"PROBABLY LIVED IN SOME COUNTRY THAT WAS INVADIED BY THE GERMANS."



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406. Denise Schneider. "K. T. H." Darragh, Pa.
435. Pierre Scribe. Ino K. Pituer.
410. André Tiéchon. "Messina Mine, South Africa."
411. Lucienne Tiéchon. "Messina Mine, South Africa."
412. Paul Trunde. Mrs. Manuela Cerra de Bird, Fajardo, Porto Rico.
282. Francois Urvoy. Mrs. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
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268. Jean Vanègue. Mrs. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
269. Jean Vigouroux. Mrs. Curtis M. Willock, Defiance, Ohio.
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THE ENDURANCE TEST

The Latest Books

(Continued from page 272)

"Baldy of Nome" (The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, \$1.75)—much to their liking. It is the story of a real dog, and is written with fundamental dog knowledge and understanding. But the book's little boys talk like curates in disguise, and the Spencerian spirit of the copy-book is on every page.

J. B. Kerfoot.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was just making the first draft. When he had finished the words "When in the course of human events" he paused and directed his body-servant to go to the nearest newsdealer and leave a standing order for LIFE.

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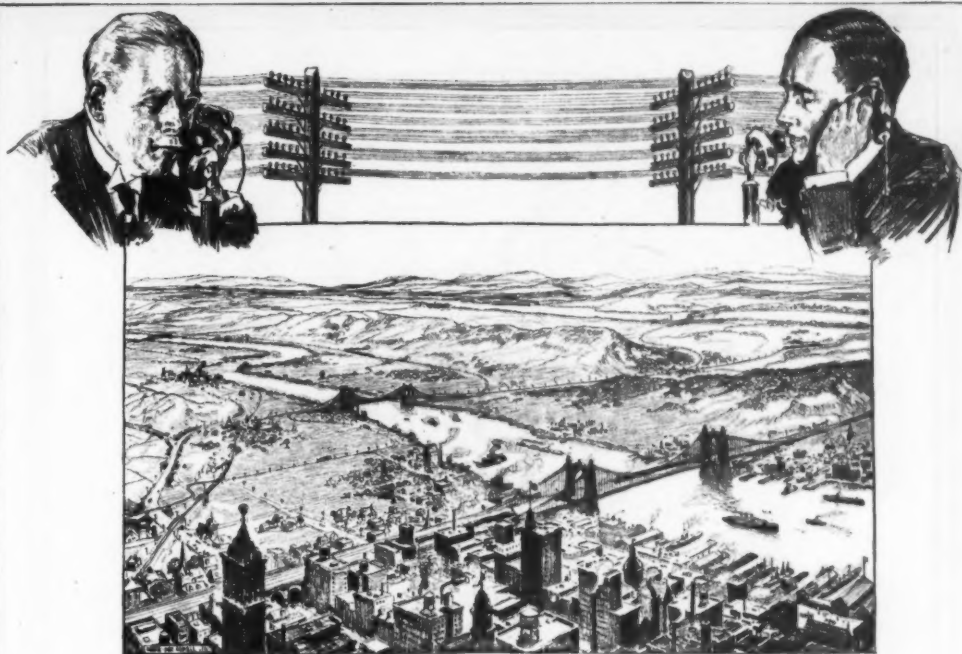
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nated to the single idea of serving the entire people of this country.

It has been a powerful factor, along with the transportation systems, in the magnificent achievements of the United States—helping to prepare the way where latent possibilities of mines, forests and farms were to be developed.

The continued growth of our national prosperity depends in a great measure upon the maintenance and continued growth of the utilities which furnish the means of intercourse and interchange. They are the indispensable servants of the individual, the community and the entire nation.



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The Height of Folly

THE Height of Folly is the most famous mountain in all the world. Though it is the highest of all mountains, everybody manages to climb it at some time or other. Indeed, so many people have climbed it since the time Eve went up after the apple, that to-day it is grooved with numerous trails. Eve's Trail, Cain's Trail, Dives' Trail, Judas' Trail and Ananias' Trail are among the most popular, judging from their smooth condition.

The never-ending ascension of fools is an unusual object lesson. The top of the Height of Folly is so small and slippery that the successful climbers are constantly being precipitated headlong into the regions beyond. Some land on the Rocks of Poverty, others in the River of Contrition, the Forest of Obscurity, the Meadow of Wisdom, the Field of Shame, and not a few in the Abyss of Eternal Death.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

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Fickle Business

BUSINESS is nothing more nor less than a fickle jade. Business is never really bad, however. On the contrary, Business is always good according to her lights. That is to say, Business is always busy, and always will be so long as men find it difficult to get food, clothing, shelter and trimmings.

Her worst fault is her fickleness. Time after time, just as it begins to look as if Business were going to settle down, become thoroughly domesticated and trained in the way she should go, so that she would continue loyally and faithfully to remain in *statu quo*, lo and behold, a change takes place in the affection and the mental and moral make-up of Business, some hitherto ignored force or fact decides to assert itself, giving us an unexpected resultant, upsetting our cherished ideas, necessitating a new shuffle and deal and requiring our political economists, who thought they had finished their work, to write it all over again according to the changed conditions.

When such crises come, therefore, we must not blame each other. Nor, indeed, must we blame Business, for she is merely fulfilling her proper function of keeping herself and everybody else busy.



"OH, BROTHER, RENOUNCE, I BEG OF YOU,
THE PATHS OF DARKNESS AND LET ME LEAD
YOU TO THOSE OF LIGHT. THIS BOOK CON-
TAINS THE KEY TO ALL HAPPINESS."
"WHAT'S THE PRICE?"

The Unwelcome Visitors

"HEIGH-HO!" The God of Toil was busy in his workshop. Great clouds of gritty smoke hung over his giant forges. Sparks from huge anvils flashed intermittently through the darkness. Railroads were building. Great steel structures were being welded. But the thin sweet voice reached him, and he looked up from his labor to see standing in the doorway a bespangled, airy figure. There were spangles even in her hair, and it was undeniable that she was made up. She smiled alluringly at the God as she drew near.

"Heigh-ho!" she said, "and how are

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you, my friend? This is my first visit. We ought to know each other better."

"Who are you?" he asked solemnly, wiping his grimy brow.

"I am one of your distant relatives, the Goddess of Amusement."

"Ho! What are you doing here?"

"I've called upon you to see about turning your toiling masses over to me for a day or so. I'm employed by a commercial syndicate. The masses need to be allured. It is my business to allure them. When you let up on them a little, let me have 'em."

He leaned upon his pick and gazed at her bright figure dully.

"They pay you?" he asked.

"Sure!"

"What do you give 'em for their money?"

She opened her bag.

"Well, here are comic supplements, and moving pictures and vaudeville—very cheap, is vaudeville—and more stunts than you can shake a stick at."

The Great God smiled. His untrained eye, unable to discriminate between the genuine and the unreal, was taken by this glittering lady.

"Well, cousin," he said at last, somewhat stiffly—but that was only because he knew no better manners—"I accept your offer. Take my masses once a week, Saturday afternoons and holidays, and



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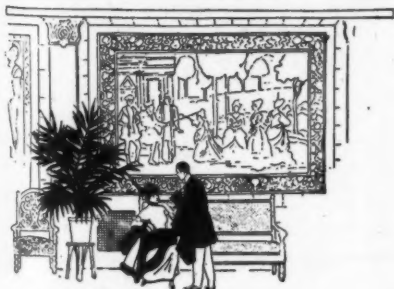
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some nights too, and give 'em a good time. Now I must get back to work."

"Thanks!"

She kissed him on his blackened cheek. He did not notice that her own face was painted, or the leer in her eyes. She rushed out and vanished.

The God worked on.

But when he looked up again—what was it he saw?

In the doorway stood three stately figures. They beckoned to him, asking admission. They were supremely beautiful, but they did not appeal to his eye like the flashy figure that had just disappeared.

He strode angrily out.

"Look here!" he growled, "I can't have visitors constantly interrupting me in my work. How can I keep the masses

of the people ground down if anybody can come here? What do you want?"

"We have come to aid you. We have no motive except love of humanity. We do not want to take your minions too much away from their toil, but only enough to give them a sincere joy, to fill them with pure air and genuine pleasure, an increasing sense of beauty and grace, and develop their senses so that they may get from us real inspiration for their work."

"Who are you?"

"I am known as Dame Nature. And this is Beauty. And this is Art."

The Great God waved his muscle-bound arms.

"Go on away from here," he said, "I haven't got time for you. I've made other arrangements. Go on now!"



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"How to Read"

WHEN did you learn to read? Did you ever stop to think what happens when you read? To consider the amazing alchemy of the mind that transforms pages of printed symbols into the very stuff and fibre of our minds? The psychology of reading is something so delicate, and yet something we take so for granted, that hardly anyone has ever thought of discussing it as it deserves.

Mr. J. B. Kerfoot, who writes the concise and all-kernel judgments of books in LIFE, has written a book, "How to Read" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.25), which every intelligent person will read with remarkable and growing delight. It is not one of the wishy-washy books that tell us what we ought to read; it tells us how we do read: how our minds work when we are reading; and it may be that some of us will find that we have never yet learned to read in any creative sense of the word. For that is Mr. Kerfoot's message: that reading is an active co-operation with the author: just as creative and interpretative an exercise as playing a Beethoven sonata. The text of a book is no more than a scenario, which we have to dramatize and produce on the stage of our own mind, employing the living stuff of our own brains as dramatic properties. As he sums it up, "reading is a form of living."

Mr. Kerfoot's book is an admirable accomplishment. It is a closely knit and cunningly developed piece of exposition. It embodies the matured and full-flavored reflection of a man who has made books a passion. It enkindles a lively curiosity as to this magical mental chemistry that goes on inside us. And, best of all, it

is in itself an adequate psychology and philosophy of living.

Mr. Kerfoot could hardly be expected to review his own book, which must explain and excuse an unfamiliar name at the foot of this paragraph.

Christopher Morley.

"WHOM the gods wish to destroy they first make mad," but not half as mad as the man who fails to get LIFE because he didn't order it in advance.

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